Not a Single Mention of Christmas, but a Story Full of the Real Holiday Spirit

nowadays is very different from the jolly sort of the times when fairles had everything their own way. You see, fairles, though you may not know t, do their wonders through the hearts of people, and I don't know why it is, but the hearts of people have hardened to such an extent of recent years that fairies absolutely can't do anything with them. Absolutely not a thing!

they can get into a heart where they can operate-well, listen.

The Fairy Queen was away having her wings ironed, and an elderly fairy with a grim, sharp look was taking her place and giving out the orders.
"Henry Bassett," said the elderly fairy to a new small fairy with a rosy mouth. "Henry Bassett for you.

Off you go!" "Henry Bassett!" cried the new small fairy. "Henry Bass-! Buttercups and bull's eyes!"

swearing, please" said the elderly fairy very sharply.

off the staggered little fairy went to see about it.

At five minutes past 4 or an after noon very shortly afterward the express from London was awaited at Tidborough station by a great crowd of the kind called "an ugly crowd," sullen, sinister, threatening, it emited, as it shifted and swayed beneath its own pressure, a hostile and deep murmuring that swelled to the station roof and there reverberated as mutters distant thunder. A fortnight before, similarly assembled, it would have temporized the violent strength that manifestly lay within by coarse chaff and banter, and y cheery hailings, one to another. But not now. Bassett's strikers were past that stage. They were hungry At the outset of the strike they had that his duties must now be ateen noisy; they paraded the streets tended. and sang songs; and, touching the matter of food, joked of "tightening hey were no longer noisy. They stood silently about the bakers' shops, and the bakers were anxious and asked for and got police.

The strikers had been genial, then ovial, then irritable, then angfy. They were now ferocious, and the mmediate object of their ferocity was approaching them, assembled at the station, in the 4:05 p.m. from Lon-Tug Sanders, "the strikebreaker.'

Reading of the prolonged strike at Bassett's paper mills, Tidborough, Mr. Tug Sanders had communicated with Mr. Henry Bassett, their proorietor. Henry Bassett, stubborn, determined, knowing public opinior n Tidborough unanimously against him and steeled by that knowledge had replied to Mr. Tug Sanders' communication. Mr. Sanders had trithat he was "proceeding to Tidborough with a view to arranging to break the strike at Bassett's paper mills"; and the employes of Bassett's paper mills were assembled at Tidbrough station with a view to breaking the neck of Mr. Tug Sandrs and kicking his remains across the market place. She's signaled! A sharper note

ran through the murmur of the

* * * *

FAR up the line, superbly round the bend, gloriously down the straight -with roaring brakes and dinning valves, the 4:05 came on Tidborough. Immediately the mass-upon the platform convulsed, in mighty surggs, shouting, fist-tossing, upon the

Threatening faces pressed against the windows and surged along them.
"Where is he?"

"Throw him out! Throw him out!" 'We want Tug Sanders!" And suddenly there was taken up

by every voice a crashing chant. We want Tug Sanders!"

"We want Tug Sanders!" The crowded masses trod out the measure with hobnailed boots crashing in unison with vibrant throats.

"We-want-Tug-Sanders!" We-want-Tug-Sanders!" It was rather frightening to hear, Mr. Tug Sanders heard it.

junction forty miles up the line there had been handed to him a telegran from the Tidborough superintendent Very hostile crowd assembled at

station "You are advised to leave train by

The 4:05 was not come to complete stop before the famous strike-breaker | pu was nimbly out of the further door of his compartment and fleeting across

the rails. The 4:05 drew out. Very quickly the platform cleared. The mob took counsel with itself, and presently anof "To the Old Man's! To the Old Man's!" At 6 o'clock the Old Man-Mr. Bassett-was to receive a deputation. Any hopes concerning it had been dissolved when it became known that he would first receive Mr. Tug

Sanders, and the famous strikebreaker, it was now rumored, had arrived, given them the slip, and was The strikers shambled into a march-

ing formation and moved away. slouching, silent, dangerous.

The 4:05, when it drew out, left upon the platform a little girl. Her hair was bobbed, her face was pale, stepped back and stared upon the driver with eyes that asked, "Did you her eyes were large. She carried a large satchel; and she stood there looking extraordinarily tiny and quaint till a porter came toward her down upon the little girl through the roof-trap. She addressed it, "If you It struck him as odd, the mighty perthe tiny object that had been left, and he rather grinned as he advanced to

'Now, then, missy, what's for you?" The little girl said primly, "Good afternoon, porter. If you please, I want a hansom cab": and she added. "You must understand I am quite accustomed to hansom cabs, because I come from London. There are simply by which he ever called his horse millions of hansom cabs in London. was "Blast yer"—"Get up, blast yer. Whoa, blast Cleggs—"Cleggs—"Cleggs—"Cleggs—" and turned at some



BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON H, yes, there still are fairles and here is a case in point; but I have to warn you that a story with fairles in it But there still are fairles, and if

> "YOU MUST JINDERSTAND I AM QUITE ACCUSTOMED TO HANSOM CABS," SHE SAID, "BECAUSE I COME FROM LONDON." them just as they like being treated. "That so?" he said seriously.

"Oh, millions. Have you ever been The porter had not had this advan-

"You ought to ask the station-mas ter to let you go one day. It's a most wonderful place, you know. My dear Aunt Victoria says the city of London

is the hubbub of the empire" "That so?" said the porter. The little girl nodded in vigorous confirmation. "And it is noisy!" She now, by a glance toward the exits and a gesture of her shoulders, quite clearly instructed the porter

He swung up her satchel in one horny fist and, again obeying a gesyour belt up a couple of holes." Now ture, extended the other toward her. She took it and gave the explanation she seemed to think necessary. "You the long drive to the Old Court-sett. He see, I'm only eight," she said, "and house. He was in violent sympathy burglar. she seemed to think necessary. in railroad stations I always hold my dear mamma's hand."

"Ain't your mamma come with you then?" inquired the porter. Her reply caused him to look sharp ly down at her, trotting by his side. "Oh, no. You see, my dear mamma

is dead."

THE brim of her hat permitted the porter to see only the lower part of her face. He caught a quick protrusion and withdrawal of her lips. "Ah, dear, dear!" the porter said.

"She's with God," said the little girl, and most forlornly sighed. "That so?" said the porter. He felt immediately-he was a man porter)-that this was an inept re-

him on the rebound (as he might have explained it). To cover it, and

fare's bound for?"

'Not on your life!"

her dear Uncle Henry."

"Not on your life she don't!"

Said it to me with her own lips

right there on the platform. There

was they," said the porter—"there was they waiting for this year strike-

breaker, and there's the strike-

breaker as has come and-" He

broke off, for the little girl was ap-

threepence for you. Just lift me up

porter, any of the four-wheelers are

annoyed I took a hansom, just tell

them, please, it's because I like to

watch the horse." She caught the

driver's small and suspicious eye as-

toundingly regarding her over the

roof: but with the air of one doing

the correct thing she ignored his eye

and gave her instruction to the por-

ter. "I'll tell the man where to go

"I've told him, missy," said the

She was working herself on to the

seat. She said, reprovingly, "But I

mamma always tells him from the

inside when he looks through the

"That so?" said the porter and

A yellow eye gazed lambently

little hole in the top."

from inside."

porter.

the driver.

to get well away from it. he said, in a changed and hearty voice: "And "Party?" where might you be making to now, missy?"

"I'm going to my dear Uncle closed the trap. "That so?" said the porter. "And

what might your uncle's name be, proached by massive iron gates and a short drive, and the front door
The little girl replied. "My dear stood within cavernous portals. The missy? Uncle Henry is Henry Bassett, Es- driver, descending, rang for her the quire, the Old Court House, near bell-pull, climbed to his perch, and drove away.

Penny Green, Tidborough."

The porter whistled. He felt dazed, and in silence he led the way into the station yard. He hailed a han-looked toward his boots and observed. som cab and swung up her satchel.
'Wherever don't you think this

"Old Bassett's," said the porter to The driver jerked up his head. ously to wipe her feet on the mat. "Not on your life she ain't!" He had a very deep, suspicious voice and a very small, beery and suspicious eye. Bassett you mean?" "Ask of her, then," affirmed the

"Ask of ner, then, and the street my not answering perore. The little girl was standing said the little girl after a pause in childhood's affections and the im-side," he said, "if that's in ecstatic admiration. "Calls 'im to work. times do you go?" The porter nodded impressively.

that," said the tall man. With the porter and the driver he found himself as it were mesmerically over-

"I'm afraid I couldn't quite say as to that, miss," said the tall man. He cleared his throat. "I was inquiring, miss, if it was Mr. Bassett you meant

"Oh, yes," said the little girl. "My dear Uncle Henry. It couldn't be either of my other dear uncles, you see my dear Uncle Barnabas or my dear Uncle William-because my dear mamma says they're not or speaking terms with my dear Uncle Henry, so they couldn't be here could they?"

to that, miss," said the tall man don't seem to recollect the gentlestill will, if you don't mind. My dear men." He made an uncertain n What name might it be, miss?"

please, I am going to my dear Uncle Henry; to Henry Basset, Esquire, the Old Courthouse, near Penny Green, Mills sat at a writing table, fin-gering some papers and looking the Tidborough. What's your horse's man impervious to any reas The driver gazed first upon his tered man with a grudge against all

He was however, a man of re- sir, it's and turned at some

descended upon the little girl. "What name would you like him to be called, lady?" She twisted up her face. "I should

like him to be called Black Beauty."
"That's what he is called," said the driver hoarsely. "Although he's brown?" said the

source. A powerful aroma of beer

little girl quickly. The driver raised his head and gazed despairingly at the porter. He again applied his face to the trap

click him off? "Not a bit, lady," said the driver.

relieved. "T'ck! T'ck!" clicked the little girl. "Gee up, Black Beauty!" * * * *

THE driver thought hard during with the strikers and he had a sullen notion that he was playing false to notion that he was playing false to them by permitting a relative of the hated Bassett in his cab. The cab the turned his hard glance sharply overtook, passed through and left the across the room. "Get out of here." ranks of the marchers. Then the he said to Cleggs. He said to the and my dear Uncle William said it

pright to get at the trap, was relegs. "I just wanted to say," she in your mouth?" said, "please flick those flies off Black "It will be the Beauty's ears. Thank you. You

were all those men going to?"

The question was pleasant to the driver. He had the feeling that his of rather delicate perceptions (for a or gone mad thus finishingly to apply the lash he customarily used with bear to swallow it. What was your

harsh emphasis, "They're going to see your dear uncle." "Are they?" cried the little girl. "Is it a party?" "Party?" grawled the driver.

"You've been drinking beer, haven't you?" said the little girl.
"Yes, lady," said the driver, and

The Old Courthouse was ap-

looked toward his boots and observed her.
"If you please," said the little girl,

"I've come to stay with my dear uncle," and she stepped over the threshold and began very industri-. The man stared down with the air of one watching an astounding and Lucy. In youth she had kept house uncanny phenomenon. "Is it Mr. for him. He had quarreled violently

"I'm afraid I couldn't quite say as to

The little girl regarded him interestedly. "I suppose it's a habit with you. My dear mamma says that proaching him, her fingers in her in time it becomes a habit, and then purse. "Thank you, porter," she addressed backs of your heels like this or like him. "That's very nice. Here is this?"

for your uncle?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't quite say as "Lucy," said the little girl." What's

yours?" "Cleggs, miss," said the tall man, speaking like the porter, on the re-bound of surprise. He drifted up the hall and, knocking discreetly, passed through a doorway. * * * *

horse, then upon the porter, and then inside his hat, as though with some expectation of finding the horse's reputed to be and that unquestionname there written. The only name

"Is mane's black, lady, an' 'is tail."

"Is mane's black, lady, an' 'is tail."

"So they are!" oried thing that was pushing like a dog steel-enforced, iron-clamped triple-locked self-interest.

"Do you mind if I against his legs."

"Do you mind if I against his legs."

against his legs.

"I can't quite get past you," said the little girl in her high, clear voice. "Thank you. Didn't you know Your uncles, your aunt, they were in stopped?" She advanced to the writing table. "Are you my dear Uncle Henry?"

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Bastett, where were they?"

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"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Bastett, where were they?"

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Bastett, where were they?"

"I remember them. I've got them here."

She took from a chair the satchet where were they?"

The little girl was still pinching and battered volumes. "There they were in touch with her, where were they?"

"I remember them." I've got them. I've got them. I've got your marks in the mid. They one." Only you? sett. He might have been addressing a

"I'm your little niece, Lucy."

"From London. I've come to stay settling herself upon her curled-up with you. Have you got something

"It will be time for you to as must watch them, you know. Where not rude or stupid questions, when you have answered mine."
"Thank you," said the little girl.

driver. He had the feeling that his "I only asked because you hold your horse must be thinking him a fool lips pressed up like I hold mine or gone mad thus finishingly to ap when I have cod liver oil and can't mark, but he had been rather taken all his arm behind it. He said with question?"

harsh emphasis, "They're going to "My question was what nonsense

Where is your mother? The little girl swallowed before she spoke. "My dear Uncle Henry, The proprietor of Bassett's Paper

Mills Mills disregarded the invitation When did she die?"

"On Tuesday." "Who was there?"

"Where was she buried?" "At Kensal Green." "Only me."

The little girl's lips were swiftly if I pinch my nose it's a great help." row and her mother said she would she said. "I think I will." have been in the front row only she No tear stole down Mr. Bassett's had thin legs on her father's side.

grim, cold cheek. As a child he had Which side of you is your father's een devotedly attached to his sister side?" and tyrannically with her; and the fairles hugged themselves for joy. "Excuse my not answering before," hard out human fact is that his which her feet continued vigorously pulses of his youth were screwed planation to you. And he ended to work. "I go nine times with each and battened down beneath forty again, to himself, "Ay, me!"—not be foot and have to count. How many years of brass-bound, water-proofed, cause he was thinking of her mother

toria and my dear uncles said it was the little fairies. most unfortunate for them, but you was my dear Cousin Kate's wedding, dates every day and so did mine."
and my dear Uncle William said it He rather stolidly regarded the

Victoria," said Mr. Bassett. have looked so strange if they were'nt tesquely pious and moral tales. there." And my dear Uncle Barnabas sole reading was the Times and

the same day and-"
"Ah, like them, like them?" interpolated the proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills. "I can see them; I can

hear them!" "Can you?" said the little girl, and

line of her uncle's sight.

He laughed.

andkerchiel.

The proprietor of Bassett's Paper

fills disregarded the invitation.

When did she die?"

He laughed; and all the new little

fairies hopped and skipped. All Mr. Bassett said, snapping off the laugh, was, "Where were you living-in lodgings?"
The little girl nodded. "In

lodgings, yes. Do you know-Do you know, our landlady's grown-up swiftly daughter was in the pantomime. "I find She was! She was in the fourth

He laughed again, this time a full and free laugh; and all the little "Well you're all on your m



A VERY TALL, THIN MAN OPENED THE DOOR. WHEN THE LIT-TLE CIRL COUGHED HE LOOKED TOWARD HIS BOOTS AND DISCOVERED HER. ..

suddenly glimpsed something he had

He said to her, "Do you know, to stay and live here as Cleres is to

THERE STILL ARE FAIRIES

"Can he?" cried the little girl, "You'd better ask him. But sup-pose you do stay here? What an She

idea! How could you? There'd be yet get words.

"There's some people waiting here wash," she said.

He laughed easily. "That particular difficulty hadn't occurred to me. I daresay we could get over that."

ave my bath."

He was not really thinking of set her on her feet. "They're in the have my bath." practical difficulties. Practical diffirulties never stood in the way of the Mills: that was why he was so rich and so hated. All very well to have this little girl in the house and to have around him always this-this freshness, this newness; but how of life and his accustomed outlook on! it to her. life. Forty years habituated in it. Forty years-ay, me! But stillhe kept up the pretense of cal difficulties. "How about

All the little fairies hugged themselves anew to hear him dallying. "He'll go too far in a moment!" they

"My dear mamma did me my lessons," said the little girl. "I can show you and you can do me them, because, do you know, I've got the very books that you and my dear mamma used when you were little like me. They've got your marks in

The little girl had opened one of can't put off a wedding just because the books and was turning over the any one is ill; and afterward my leaves before him. "Look, those are dear aunt came and explained you your marks when you were learning. couldn't put it off for a funeral. It Your dear mamma used to put the

roof-trap was agitated from beneath little girl very roughly, "What non- was a most important catch—no, thumbed pages, his mother's pencil and he raised it and looked down.

The little girl, who had climbed from?"

What non- was a most important catch—no, thumbed pages, his mother's pencil match. Would it be catch or match?"

"Catch, if I know my dear sister, and the little readings in huge print." He was not touched by it. What he "A most important catch," con-felt was a strange delight in the tinued the little girl, "and it would funny little old book with its grofelt was a strange delight in the sole reading was the Times and the said it was the most unfortunate being Financial Times. This stuff was delicious! And once it had thrilled him! "Ay, me!"

The little girl thought he must have finished reading the page at which he was staring. "That was your reading book," she said. "My stood on tiptoe and looked along the dear mamma says you and she both simply loved it. Here was one page -a poetry page—she said you couldn't understand. I'll show you. She flattened before him a page she spoke. "My dear Uncle Henry, please don't cry, but be brave. My dear mamma is dead."

The proprietor of Bassett's Paper. The proprietor of Bassett's Paper.

He remembered the pictures per-fectly. His eyes read the verse ac-companying them:

"Shades of the prison-house begin to close Upon the growing boy.

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows He sees it in his to

the east Must travel, still is Nature's priest And by the vision splendid Is on his way attended;

away, And fade into the light of con day. Whither is fied the visionary glean Where is it now, the glory and the

dream?" * * * * THE proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills was smitten between the joints of his harness. He was forty years deep in the prison; forty years from the glory and forty years from the dream; and he was in the company of a little girl upon whom no shades of the prison-house had yet

The little girl waited an enormous ly long time for him to speak.

At last she said, "Do you understand that poetry page now, Uncle?" was raised shoulder high, and was the said heavily, "I understand it."

Thurdarous roars hymned him on the said heavily the said heavily the said heavily. He turned in his chair toward her. going to stay with me all What would you like to do-

ward to touch his hand. Mothers ("Look out!" cried all held up their children to him. Girls awfully-to cry. The proprietor of Bassett's Paper

She said, "Do you think my dear namma would mind?" The proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills swallowed something. "She'll know I said you might."
The little girl's face began to

extended his hands to her.

with extraordinary convulsions. He opened his arms to her. "That's done it! That's done it!" cried all the little fairles and hopped and skipped about the floor of fairy-

The little girl sobbed with an

abandonment to grief, utter, com-plete, enormous, devastating. Her face was buried in the shoulder of the proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills. He had never seen anything like such grief. He never had imagined that anything like it could be. ced it and held her rather tight. And beneath the catastrophic collapse of her emotions he was himself undergoing a huge and mon-strous capitulation that the little twinges when he laughed at her had begun. He was thinking all kinds of things. One was the thought, in his head and wiped his streaming "This infernal strike! That's in the brow. "Co-oo-ooh!" he gasped.

Author of "If Winter Comes," etc.

The violence of her passionate sor-ow ran its course. It echoed away in long heaves, little shudders. He set her upright on his knee and with a handkerchief wiped her eyes.
"Feel better? Better now, eh?"

He put the handkerchief in his was: pocket. "Look here. I expect you'd all!" like to do something for me, wouldn't

She nodded. She couldn't quite as

The little girl seemed quite to apappreciate this. She reflected his
frown. "There'd be my back to been having your cry. I want you

(Copyright, 1923.) just to go in and say something to them for me. Will you?"
She nodded again. She brightened Why the Salmon Is Pink.

I daresay we could get over that." very much at the idea of a thing to "Well, I can do everything else for do. She nodded more vigorously.

FOR a long time men of science myself. It's only my back when I "Is it the p-party?"

room straight opposite across the hall. Just go in and say to them from me"—he told her what to say. "Can you remember that?" "Oh, yes. It sounds funny to me. Will they understand?"

"You see! Well, perhaps-look, if they don't, give them this." He about giving up his accustomed mode wrote on a slip of paper and handed SIX persons awaited the little girl. The strikers' deputation consisted

lessons? Don't you have to do les- sat along one side of the table in the great dining room and they sat silently with rather sad, anxious eyes fixed on the door. Have you

a few inches. The little girl slid in shrimp had salmon-colored flesh, but through the aperture and turned and the flesh of the other trout was per-stood on tiptoe to put both hands to feetly white. the handle and shut it again. The deputation simply stared.

she said, "my dear uncle says your terms are granted." The deputation simply stared. The little girl nodded in a friendly

They were all on their feet. "Granted!" cried one; and "Grant-

"There's this paper," said the little organisms. girl, surprised, for she had never been to a party like this before. The paper went to the hands of an place at the table. He read it aloud

"HENRY BASSETT.

The old man dropped heavily or his chair and put his arms on the table and buried his head in them. Some one said, "Praise God!—Praise God!" The woman facing the little The proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills said, "Lucy—dead!", "said the little girl terribly to her which his childhood's gerer-man walking a path and looking at a bird above him, a middle-aged man thought was, "What an idea! What seated on a bench in the attitude of reflection."

The core and I haven't—feel my a child! What a thing to be so in-man walking a path and looking at a bird above him, a middle-aged man seated on a bench in the attitude of reflection.

The core and I haven't—feel my a child! What a thing to be so in-man walking a path and looking at a bird above him, a middle-aged man seated on a bench in the attitude of reflection.

The core are placed in yes. the little fairies and snapped their pink little fingers and thumbs, and dye pot. The stones are placed in vesskipped and crowed again, and slid sels containing the coloring matter and off helter-skelter on sunbeams to are then subjected to great heat for welcome the little fairy with the rosy mouth, coming back triumphant.

periods varying from a few hours to a week or more. In the case of chalcedony, which shows bands of different

> The sees it in his joy;
> The youth who daily further from the real and of the story. But The stones then receive a further like the beginning, at Tidborough

railway station. Mr. Tug Sanders had made three attempts to penetrate the crowd and hue of blood-red by a similar method. reach the house, but each time his courage failed him and he retreated. of all stones the most easily imitated So he took himself away—well away One family at Oberstein is said to pos-and wandered the country lanes sess the secret of converting crucidolite till the 7 o'clock up-train should be into cat's-eye. Cat's-eye may The time came. Sneaking furtively through the streets, he was blendes, and even of fibrous gypsum. frozen to discover the market square through which he must pass, filled with a yelling, rushing and madly excited crowd of strikers. He pulled his hat over his eyes and tremulously threaded his way into the mob.

He was well known. His photograph had been in every paper. He had not made fifty yards to the station when he was discovered and is name roared into the welkin He was seized. He closed his eyes and set his teeth for the hideous end of being torn to death. Lo, he was raised shoulder high, and was Thunderous roars hymned him on "Good old Tug Sanders! Good old Tuggy! Three cheers for good old Tuggy—and another—and another— The little girl said, "I'd like-most and another!" Hundreds pressed for-

Dumbfounded, speechless, in a dream, the superb and magnificent strikebreaker found himself in a compartment of the up-express, leaning from a window and regarding with a sickly grin the tossing mob that tumultuously surged before him, doring him. His shattered ears had him that the strike ended, the men victorious, but what n earth-? What the dickens-?" His sickly and fatuous grin was all

he could achieve.
"Ah, ain't 'e modest!" cried a stout lady perched on the platform book-stall. "Ah, if 'e ain't modest as 'e is

noble, the darling."

The train started. What a shout! What a very delirium of ecstation cheering. The local brass band tearing up at the double, fixed their instruments with lightning speed.
With heartfelt throats the crowd Once or twice she cried, "My dear mamma!" He put an awkward hand to her head and the window, smiling his modest the window, smiling his modest sickly smile, was drawn away to the impassioned song, hymned from 500 throats:

"For he's a jolly good fellow!" It was tremendous.

way! Infernal thing!" Also this "Sir," said an aged gentleman thought, "It's time to get out of it seated in the carriage. "Sir, this Turn it into a company. Getting too is the most glorious day in the his-

for he was not, but because he And again, "This infernal strike! In noble. You are enshrined forever in was thinking of himself, as one who the way! Infernal thing!" the hearts of this great city."
"Oh, well," said the noble strike-

reaker, and sat down, dazed, and tried to look noble. "But that's not fair," cried the new

little fairy with the rosy mouth, peeping. "That's not fair! Why, it wasn't anything to do with him at "Tish and tush!" said the elderly fairy with the grim, stern look. "That's nothing to what they do

down there sometimes. What does it matter, you stupid little scrap, you? (Copyright, 1923.)

various salmons and trouts have red or pink flesh. Now they believe that the color comes from the food they eat. All of the salmons are particularly fond of shellfish; and trout eag-erly feed on fresh-water shrimp. It is well known that when lobsters, prawns and shrimp are cooked the flesh turns pink; similarly the process of digestion turns shellfish pink. When a shrimp is found in the stomach of a salmon or a trout the gastric juices of the fish have turned it almost as red or pink as if it had been boiled. Therefore, even if we had no of four men and two women. They the color of the flesh of salmon and trout results from the considerable

But there is definite proof. Several ever seen the eyes of bullocks years ago Prof. Leger of the Piscilooking out through the gates of a cultural Laboratory at Grenoble, in slaughter house? They had been kept waiting a long time and they boded no good from the delay. That color. He separated the eggs from strike-breaker! The handle of the door turned them in different troughs. He fed one slowly. "Oh, my God!" said one of the women. the women.

The door, instead of opening very shrimp whatever. At the end of the wide to admit the master, opened but second year the trout that had fed on

But it may be asked: Why is the flesh of shellfish red or pink? That The little girl came up to the table is a harder question to answer. Per-and looked over it. "If you please," haps the color comes from the food the shellfish eat.

s are granted."

Not long ago chemists of the Department of Agriculture at Washinglittle girl nodded in a friendly ton examined some plnk cysters that that been found in Long Island sound That's what my dear uncle told me and declared that they were delicious. The chemists suggested that possibly the bright hue of the flesh was caused by food that contained wild yeast bacilli and other similar micro

Wonderful Imitations

THOSE engaged in the imitation of in a trembling voice:

"Your terms are granted. The with conspicuous success. Zircons are works will open in all departments composed of silica and zirconia. Their at 6 a.m. tomorrow. The new scale luster is deceptive, a means having will take effect forthwith. thus leaving them diamonds to all ap-"N. B.-Furnacemen should attend at pearances, although their falseness

promptly proclaims under test. Precious stones are often dyed with such thoroughness that, it is claimed, the stone may be broken without discovery of the process, that is to say

by the uninitiated. degrees of intensity, certain of the the real end of the story came, stewing in pots containing other dyes. Fluospar is capable of great improve-ment in tint when subjected to a heat-

ing process, and crucidolite is given a The emeralds and the cat's-eyes are

Highest Station.

T appears that the highest telephone station in the world is that of the meteorological observatory on the top of Monte Rosa, at a height of 15,450 Since the station is occupied only for a short period each year, the poles carrying the telephone wire are removed at the end of each season and re-erected when this is required. unusual conditions of weather which are met with in the mountain region do not hinder, but on the other hand really favor the operation of the telephone line. Short poles are used and touches the snow, but as the snow quite dry it is a good insulator and no leakage troubles are found. Indeed, the final section of the line, from the Col du Lys to the peak, is simply laid across the snow without the use of any other support. Where the poles are used, to prevent any breakage of the wire owing to movements of the rings on the poles and is not attached fast to the insulators. crosses two valleys each about 8,300 feet wide and naturally they must be crossed by a single span. the sag of the wires is of no impor-

Watch Screws.

CERTAIN of the screws used in making watches are so tiny that 100,000 of them could be placed in a woman's thimble. These screws are cut by a machine from steel wire that is only fourone-thousandths of an inch in diameter and as the chips fall it looks as thou the operator were simply shaving the wire for his own amusement. No can be seen, and yet a screw is ma at every third eperation. Studied through a microscope, it will be seen that each little finished screw is evenly grooved at the proportion of 260 threads single machine turns about a million a month. They are polished in whole-sale fashion-10,000 at a time. They would never be finished taken sepa-Potter about-with this scrap." I tory of Tidborough. Sir, you are rately.